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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.



Puck

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WILL HE CAST HIS SWORD INTO THE BALANCE?

PUCK.

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PUCK ON WHEELS
PRICE 25 CENTS.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Through the glaring, summer-baked streets the Masons and the Knights Templars and the Rabbinical Chevaliers have marched proudly to their homes in Keokuk and Sheboygan and Skowhegan, full of that glory that descends on the man who has participated in the mystic ceremonies of the Grand Lodge, and celebrated the sacred memories of Jubelo, Jubela and Jubelum and the late-lamented H. A. Biff. It seems a shame to say anything that could disturb the innocent complacency of a Free and Accepted Mason or a Boss and Perfected Plasterer; but oh, our soul cries out to say how funny they are, those poor fellows tramping the hot pavements in their hideously comic get-up, with their little aprons and their silk hats and their proud, proud gaze fixed on vacancy. And the Knights Templars, are they not the funniest of all? Imagine a Knight Templar in a cocked hat, a black frock coat and black trousers, solemnly toting a sword that doesn't cut! Could the genius of the wildest burlesque actor conceive of a more delightful travesty upon the costume of the original Knight Templar? Oscar Wilde is dignified and picturesque beside this. Well, they are gone, and may the blessing of King Solomon go with them

Speaking of funny things, there is a sort of shameful absurdity about the mad capers of your little country prosecuting attorney when he by chance gets a good, sensational murder case in which to come before the public. But it is an even question whether it is not more shameful than absurd. Of course the little fellow is amusing, in his ignorance, his feebleness and his profound and unwarranted confidence in himself; but it is to be remembered that, however funny a clown may be, it is not well to turn the Court of Justice into an arena for his exhibition, and to give him a share in the powers of life and death, for he may make sad mischief.

He may, in his eagerness to achieve that notoriety which to him represents fame, imperil wholly innocent lives. He may endanger unblemished reputations. He may subject respectable people to any and every form of insult and annoyance. We all know of a case in point. Three people have been put on trial for their lives simply because a provincial offi-

cial made up his mind, before the coroner's jury had had a chance to give a verdict, that they were guilty of a certain mysterious and terrible crime. There was not evidence enough against them to convict a professional thief of chicken-stealing. They were a bad lot, root and branch, and of their moral responsibility for the tragedy there was no doubt. But so weak was the case against them, viewed in a legal light, that no man on earth was justified in threatening to "indict them together, try them together and hang them together."

But the threat was made, and a farce of a trial is the result. This is bad enough; for it establishes a precedent that may put the cleanest-handed man in the world in mortal jeopardy. But look at the volume of misery that grows out of it. Men and women are dragged from all parts of the country, taken from their business and their homes and put in the witness-stand, there to be subjected to the cruelest ordeals that petty tyranny can devise. Respectable professional men are insulted; decent married women are insulted, pure young girls are insulted—all under the Protection of the Court. Everybody who does not give exactly such testimony as the prosecuting attorney desires is treated as a fool, a perjurer or a habitual criminal. No abuse is too gross; no suspicion is too infamous. The trial goes on amid the tears of women and the protests of men. Brutal jokes are bandied about. Brief authority tries every petty trick of torment. A woman is summoned from the distant home she has just reached, to come back to the court and reply to a question which her cross-examiner has forgotten to ask—the question is only: Have you been examined before?—a question which the records answer. And she is only one of many victims. Is it funny, after all, or simply shameful?

Of all the planets in the solar system of ours, Venus is said to be the one that most resembles the earth. It is of about the same size, it has an atmosphere and the length of its day and night, and the period of its revolution round the sun approximate closely to ours. We learn these facts from astronomical observation, and we know further that they are facts, because they are susceptible of mathematical proof, and are proved almost daily. Yet, if any man were to come forward and undertake to tell us all about the principal towns and cities in Venus, how many lines of railroad ran from the capital to the sea-side, and what kind of people the Venusians were, we should either call him a prevaricator or quickly have him relegated to Bloomingdale for treatment.

If he went further and informed us of the disposition of the souls of the Venusians after death, we should look upon him as a hopeless lunatic. Notwithstanding, clergymen of all denominations are ready at all times to explain to us the domestic economy of Heaven, and to describe in the fullest detail the fiery horrors of Hell, not only without knowing anything of these regions from personal knowledge, but without being able to indicate even in the vaguest way their locality. If they were to tell us that Heaven was in Jupiter and Hell in Mars, people might believe it, because Mars and Jupiter actually exist; and as there are no means of finding out as to whether these planets are devoted to the purpose, the priest would be entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

It is not our intention to follow the example of Mr. Ingersoll and attempt to stamp these places out of existence. We simply wish to express our disapproval of the methods em-

ployed by clergymen in dispatching souls thither. The presumably pious minister, when he hears that a red-handed and brutal murderer has been condemned to death, visits him in his cell for the twofold purpose of administering consolation and making a repentant sinner. This work the minister does by all kinds of promises which it is utterly impossible he can have any means of carrying out himself, or of guaranteeing will be carried out.

The murderer, if he is susceptible to the priest's ministrations, and he very often is, will relent and be softened under their influence, and will come to the conclusion that to be hanged is not so much of a punishment, after all, if he is to be assured of a crown, a pair of wings, and a life of perpetual sensuous enjoyment. The shortest way to happiness, therefore, is to commit deliberate murder, and then to listen to the soothing words of a clergyman. From this point of view it is almost possible to justify any act that mankind styles crime. But one must take good care to be the murderer and not the murdered. There is no luck for the victim, be he good or bad. Struck down without a moment's warning, he must go through the regular course of fire and brimstone, and may never get the chance of participating in the beatitude of the man who deprived him of life. It will thus be seen that religion as understood by some people is not always synonymous with justice.

Senator Cameron was the Conkling and is the Boss Kelly of the State of Pennsylvania. His career resembles in many respects that of the great Tammany grave-digger. Senator Cameron has succeeded in splitting the Republican party in the state that he almost owns—splitting to such an extent that even his protégé, Senator Mitchell, refuses any longer to bear allegiance to his blustering chief. It remains to be seen what part President Arthur will take in the approaching election struggle. Who are to get the patronage and the sympathy of the Executive, the Independent Republicans or the Cameron men? President Arthur has here a glorious opportunity of showing his abhorrence of fraud, corruption and bossism.

And it cometh to pass in these sensuous, dreamy days, when the tired and worn mortal flees to the quiet glade where clover-scent is rich on every vagrant breeze, and lemonade that is weak, worn out and debilitated is ladled on every corner by individuals attired in dusters and palm-leaf fans; yes, in these mellow, balmy days, when Aphrodite is afraid to rise from the sea at Coney Island for fear of being used as a museum attraction, that the dashing cut-away-coat young man appears in the daytime with a white necktie on. This same young man would not for a moment think of wearing a comforter around his neck when in full dress, or a loud-checked Prince Albert coat at a funeral; and yet these innovations would not be a bit more improper and absurd than wearing a white cravat during the day. There ought to be a special law enacted for the suppression of these social offenders. It would not be inconsistent with common sense to have a pound set apart for such characters, who are regarded favorably only by Chinamen who wash their ties for three cents apiece. Proper persons might be commissioned to scour the streets with lassos and cages, and secure these people on the fly, and either compel their friends to yield a handsome ransom for their liberty, or keep them in the pound for a reasonable period. This would not only serve as a much-needed and expedient reformatory measure, but would perhaps put sufficient money into the city treasury to have the streets cleaned once this Summer.

MASONIC MANNERS.

We owe our Masonic brothers an apology for our strictures on their peculiar institution. We take it all back. We apologize to Mr. Hiram Abiff. We hope that we shall be forgiven by Messrs. Jubela, Jubelo and Jubelum, and by all Masons, even to those who have taken the thirty-three degrees.

We are induced to make these apologies by the receipt of a number of letters from Masons, which have had the effect of making us feel a little nervous at our temerity. Our correspondent who signs himself "Business," is doubtless a very sincere and conscientious member of the craft. We judge so because he has reveled in language so strong that we have not felt justified in printing it—although we are desirous of letting the outside public know what poetry, sublimity and refinement exist in all true Masons. We shall not, however, take the advice of "Business," and return to lager beer saloon keeping, as we do not wish to cut off "Business's" mode of livelihood.

JUNE 15th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

You * * * *, I'll bet two to one you tried to join the Masons and was blackballed. All good Masons should ignore your *vile blackmailing* sheet as they would a cut-throat. Your paper is run for money, and you will do anything for it, even to denying your mother. Such language as is in your PUCK comes only from a * * * * Go back to the tobacco, cigar and saloon business where you started. You are only fit for the slums of the city, where you are by the kindness of decent people suffered to live.

BUSINESS.

The following letter is, as will be seen, couched in somewhat milder language, which makes us believe that the writer is not a very profound Masonic student. Perhaps he has only been recently initiated, and has not yet learned how to call names in "Business's" artistic style:

JUNE 15th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

For the first time I find your interesting paper, in an editorial of nearly a column long, ridiculing and condemning a social institution whose extreme age and respectability should at least command the good opinion of those who, confessedly, know nothing about it. Any one who reads your comments on Masonry in this week's number of PUCK, would be convinced that you were not a member of that fraternity, and would fail to find any point or wisdom in your remarks. I do not write to defend Masonry, but to ask you if an editor does not cut a sorry figure, when in harsh, unjust language, prompted by no knowledge of the subject whatever, he lays before his readers his opinion that many of them are associated with an institution "born of fraud and stupidity," and that they are "a parcel of noodles," etc.? Other commonplace phrases are injected into your comments, which show you to be out of humor, and that you have this week chosen Masonry as the subject upon which to vent your temper. For a paper that habitually clinches its subject in a masterly, concise and intelligent manner, this *expost* (?) of Masonry in its columns is entirely out of place.

A SUBSCRIBER.

He thinks that Masonry "should at least command the good opinion of those who, confessedly, know nothing about it." We quite agree with "Subscriber." We know nothing at all about Masonry; that is the reason we wrote on the subject. We make a specialty of writing on matters of which we are totally ignorant; and, of course, Masonry was one of them.

"Any one," says "Subscriber": "who reads your comments on Masonry would be convinced that you were not a member of that fraternity."

We apprehend that the object of our correspondent is to find out if our article was written by a Free Mason. We regret that he does not afford us the opportunity of satisfying him, as he asserts that our remarks were "prompted by no knowledge of the subject."

But now everything is on a friendly basis

without our having to undergo any penalties. We have apologized to the Masons, and we await their apologies in return. Henceforth PUCK will always speak of Mr. Hiram Abiff with respect, and any time that gentleman is passing this way if he will give us a call, we shall be exceedingly glad to offer him a drink.

THEN AND NOW.

In the brave old days of long ago,
When a knightly tilt settled all dispute,
When the mightiest law was the lance and bow,
And a lover could hope to win his suit
By breaking the lance of a rival knight
In a friendly joust or a chivalric fight,

Then courage and strength were a knight's education,
And he who won in the tourney bold
Was the object of every one's admiration,
And by firesides bright was the story told.
Thus he conquered the right to woo a maid,
And his courage was always well repaid.

But now those chivalrous days are o'er,
And you only can hope to win the heart
Of the maiden fair whom you adore
By playing a very different part.
You must scatter ducats on every side,
Or you never can hope to win a bride.

You must let ice-cream do its proper work,
And soda-water comes in, too;
And from costly gifts you must never shrink;
(You may get them again if your suit falls through);
And when she receives her new Spring hat
You must call and take her to the mat.

J. H. THOLENS.

JUST AS WELL TO KNOW.



"Is der water deep enough fur me an' Billy, Mister?"

BUTTS AS A BLESSING.

Some people are raising a great noise because cigarettes are made out of cigar stumps. That's all right. It suits us. It assures us that our cigarettes are built of good tobacco. It is only the man who owns a genuine Havana with a collar to it who ever throws away a butt. The fellow with a five-cent stinkadora fumabusta who stands on the front platform of a car and puffs cabbage-smoke all around him and denounces cigarette-smokers—he never throws a stump away; he smokes his fiver right down to the last half-inch, and then he chews that.

Puckerings.

THE UNION CLUB.—Any matrimonial agency.

TUG WILSON's boxing-gloves are eight-buttoned.

TIME, TIDE AND SPRINKLING-CARTS wait for no man.

CASSELL's *Family Magazine* wants to know: "Shall we send our girls to Boarding-School?" Certainly; it will spruce them up, gumparatively speaking.

AMVIA IS THE NEW NAME for an alleged lovely tint of a pinkish kind. We presume that hereafter a toper's nose will be called an amvia out of courtesy.

PEACHES ARE NEARLY as high in price here as in London, this season, and prime Delawares are already beginning to put on Piccadilly airs and drop their h's.

NOW THAT hot weather has set in, David Davis ought to make a contract with the Brooklyn Bridge builders to construct him a wire hammock, warranted to hold him—if they can.

SOME MEN are awful mean; but the one that goes into a cigar store and sucks the alcohol off the cigar-lighter, and tells his friends he never paid a cent for liquor in his life, ought to go up head and stay there for his natural life.

THERE IS JOY in the baronial halls of Grey-stone; and where there is mourning there is mirth; and dear old Sammy shakes his new rattle and bites his little coral and crows for happiness. For Mrs. Langtry is now surely coming to New York.

A LOUISVILLE EDITOR says Chicago has more saloons than lamp-posts. That is all right. There are no mistakes in nature. The Chicagoan's feet are so large and flat that it is impossible for him to fall off them, and he therefore doesn't need lamp-posts.

A NATIVE-BORN imitation Briton was bowled out on the Saratoga train the other day. His cloth helmet was all right, and he wore the regulation number of rings; but his hat-box gave him away. It was nearly a foot smaller in the rim than his bath-tub.

A BOY WAS ARRESTED the other day for selling cigar-stumps to a cigar manufacturer. Owing to the high price of provisions, we feared that corned beef would have been divorced from its accustomed cabbage, which would have been required for tobacco purposes; but now we breathe again.

O AIRY INSECT that dost softly sail
Through all my garments in the closet still!
Devour my hat and ulster if you will.
But, oh, let up upon my swallow-tail—
O moth, sail in, I care not a damphor
My swell clothes all are packed away in
camphor.

WE ARE GLAD TO LEARN that the bill for the sale of the crown jewels of France has passed the Chamber of Deputies. This has decided as upon taking a similar financial step. Any one desiring to purchase a pair of suspenders, slightly worn but of great historic value, (no string or wire,) and an oriole collar-button may address "Crown Jewels," Editorial Department, Office of PUCK.

RAILROAD LIES.

A WHOLLY NEW VIEW OF AN OLD SUBJECT.

A great deal has been said and written from time immemorial condemnatory of railroads and everything appertaining thereto. Many of the charges preferred no doubt are true, while it is only fair to believe others are exaggerated and have no foundation whatever.

I have traveled a little in New Jersey and elsewhere myself, and must say frankly that I never experienced any of the troubles which the average pilgrim claims happen to him every day.

It is always maintained by the railroad grumbler that not an employee on the road can tell you what time the train goes. Now I know a town out in New Jersey whose every resident knows the time-table like the Lord's Prayer, and, strange as it may seem, the man in the ticket office does, too. I know this by actual experiment, for I tried it not more than ten days ago. The train was on hand almost to the second, and a minute later the boy laid a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS in my lap.

Another fashionable statement to make is that the brakeman suddenly opens the door, and in a voice represented as embracing all the combined spirit of a grist mill and a kindling wood factory whistle, screeches the name of the next station so that it sounds like a mixture of Minnehaha and Kalamazoo, and is impossible to be understood. While it is true that the brakeman does not go around and break it gently to each person, yet it is a positive fact that he makes his announcement in as clear and dignified a manner as one could desire.

I never yet was in doubt regarding the name of a town. I never thought he said Quogue for Skaneateles, and I don't believe any one else ever did. I have heard conductors on the Maine railroads utter distinctly the names of places which I would cheerfully give if I could spell them. And I have seen him close the door so slowly and softly that I thought he imagined the car was full of sick people.

Much has been said about the train advertising that it stops twenty minutes at certain stations for dinner, and then starts just as the food is set before you, so that you can't eat much of it, and thereby enable the restaurateurs to make a clear gain of all receipts and a handsome profit after paying the conductor for starting the train prematurely. This is not so.

I remember stopping once at a place known as Danville Junction, in Maine. The train said through the conductor that it would stop fifteen minutes for dinner.

Did it stop fifteen minutes?

Oh, yes; it stopped sixteen minutes; but the food was so vile that I wouldn't have eaten a dinner of it if the train had remained there sixteen years. But every one else was satisfied—that is, they got enough in fifteen minutes. I got enough in one, and then the train went out and no one had to run to catch it.

It is also stated that conductors are dishonest, and that they do not consider the interests of the road or obey orders.

To disprove this, it becomes necessary to relate a little acrobatic parable in which the late Samuel J. Tilden played an active part about forty years ago.

It is stated that young Samuel secured the position of conductor on a Western road, that he might save enough money in the Summer months to enable him to attend the theological seminary in the Winter.

One day an elderly gentleman said he had lost his ticket, and had no money.

"Then you will have to get right off!" exclaimed young Samuel, pulling at the rope that acts as a spinal column between the last car and the locomotive.

"What, in this desolate country?"

"Yes, in this desolate country," said little Samuel, bravely, for he knew the everlasting right was on his side.

"But I'm the president of the road."

"I don't care if you're the Khedive of Egypt; get off!"

And little Samuel threw the president off the platform and landed him gracefully in a ditch. Then he tossed him a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS to amuse himself with.

When the president arrived in the city on his feet four days later, and entered the general office covered with mud, he said he knew of one faithful employee who was not afraid to enforce the rules of the road.

And when little Samuel went to draw his salary on the following pay-day, he found it had been doubled as a reward to his integrity—a thing which, perhaps, has not happened to him since.

Many other railroad lies might be nailed, but perhaps sufficient has been said on the subject to prove that railroads are more sinned against than sinning, and that, after all, they have a little health in their systems.

THE MAN who is doubtful about Summer having set in is the Park Row restaurateur, whose bill of fare sports strawberry-short-cake at one end, and "look out for overcoat thieves" at the other.

WHAT MAKES my teeth so pearly white?

What makes my breath so sweet,

That suitors kiss me with delight

And linger at my feet?

'Tis all because my spirit reels

With laughter reading PUCK ON WHEELS!

—Adv.

REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK ne'er returns: In Spring he tears them, and in Winter burns.

REFORMING THEIR KEEPERS.

A STORY YOU MAY READ FOR ITS MORAL.

"He loves me; he loves me not; he loves me fondly; he loves me passionately; he loves me not at all—which is it?" inquired Eva, gazing abstractedly at what her dainty fingers had left of a rosebud.

I was silent. I did not answer.

"Tell me, then," she said: "of some deed of daring in the ancient and glorious days of chivalry, when faithful swains rescued from all worldly dangers their lady-loves and the flower of sweetest confidence nestled closely in the hearts of men."

Once more I was silent. I did not speak.

"Bah! stupid," she said, pettishly: "have you forgotten then all so soon? Don't you know one single story?"

I told her I knew a double one.

"Tell it, then!"

"It is about convicts."

"That don't make any difference."

"It won't interest you."

"Oh, yes, it will. Go on!"

That's how I came to tell it. Here is what it was:

— WESTCHESTER COUNTY, N. Y., }
June 20th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Visiting the institutions and conversing with the inmates of this place, as your special and particular representative, I am much impressed with the really honest and sincere efforts being made by the convicts lodged in the prison to reform, convert and lead back to the paths of righteousness the unhappy wardens and keepers. Undertaken at a time when the latter seemed lost to every consideration of decency and right-doing, when their amiable impulses were chilled, their hearts hardened and their consciences benumbed, the movement has spread with surprising rapidity and the good already accomplished is almost invaluable.

The prisoners are for the most part men whose preconceived ideas are at variance with the usages of their fellows and in conflict with the literature known as the Law; but, though

misguided, they are well-meaning, and the mistakes they are atoning for are those of judgement solely. They are apt, industrious and extremely circumspect in their conduct. They peruse good books, write many letters, are attentive to work and neat in their attire. Bad habits they have none. They do not attend political conventions, never electioneer, do not handle trust funds, speculate in stocks, engage in "corners," "bear" railway interests, contest wills, or involve themselves in unsavory intrigues. They never apply for divorces, accountings or receivers, and are happiest when alone.

Sometimes disputes upon questions of theology or mathematics arise; but these are soon settled. Many individuals who, if at large, would be members of Congress, judges, politicians or railway directors, and thus doing a vast amount of damage, are leading quiet and chastened lives within the prison walls of this peaceful establishment. Every year they turn over to the state treasury a balance of some \$40,000 as the result of their endeavors—and the frugality with which it is husbanded speaks volumes for the good principles which prevail in this community.

But the jailers, keepers and wardens, how very different it is with them! What words can picture the baseness



and turpitude of their proceedings?

Abandoned characters of all ages, and of both sexes, immured to wrong, wedded to injustice and in love with vice, the best efforts of the convicts have failed thus far to reform them or ameliorate their condition.

They wear green Derby hats, spring-bottom pantaloons, patent leather shoes and Parisian jewelry. They carry ebony-handled canes, smoke Flor de Husted cigars, and carry jimnies in the pockets of their swallow-tail coats. They have a stock "ticker" in the chapel, a roulette table in the infirmary, and they play policy on the tombstones in the cemetery. You cannot imagine how utterly irreclaimable these custodians of the peaceful convicts are.

It was my privilege to attend a meeting of the "Convicts' Co-operative Association for the Amelioration of the Wardens," and to be a participant in its deliberations. The "Committee of Grace" consisted of three men under twenty years' sentence for grand larceny, one under sentence for arson and one convicted of manslaughter. They were trying to reform the Chaplain. A hard task!

"Come, now, Cully," said the manslaughter convict: "ain't it about time you got done with yer rackets and came off? We don't expect you to reform all of a heap, but yer might let up a little each day till yer got just decent-like. None of us is perfect, sure; but we have got to die some day, and it will stand us in well then to have tried hard, even if we did fail in trying to be good."

"You can't reform him. It's no use a-fooling with him," said a confidence man under sentence of five years: "nor of giving any heed to the Matron, neither. The two is lost sure; but the Warden hasn't been here long, and there may be a show of getting him back on the right track."

"It makes me ashamed of myself to have to associate with that man," said a counterfeiter

down from Albany on a visit: "his mind is bad and his ways is vicious."

"Don't you ever labor to redeem your keepers?" I asked rather innocently.

"Redeem them!" said a three-years-and-a-half-obtaining-goods-under-false-pretences-man: "it would be working on stony soil. The Lord hates a liar, and a Brooklyn man it is not worth while trying to redeem."

This opinion, however, was exceptional, for the others all "wrestled" with their keepers—

take a spoonful of medicine the doctor would want to administer it himself, and if I let him he'd "hock" the spoon! More robbery—it's terrible!"

"You don't believe such things, do you?" asked Eve.

"I don't know, my dear. I've only heard them denied by those who have never visited ——— Prison."

ERNEST HARVIER.

OUT OF TOWN.

Close the shutters, Mary darling,
Close the slats and leave no crack;
Put our pet imported starling
In the second story back.

Pull the blinds at every casement
Down unto the window sill;
Take the poodle to the basement—
Take him there and keep him still.



Swathe in dull brown linen covers
All the parlor furniture;
Tell the cook to see her lovers
At the door with air secure.

Set us then our meals diurnal
In the back room gently down—
Put it in the dear *Home Journal*
That "the Smiths are out of town."

HE MEANT WELL, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW.



"Boys, you don't know how to manage that spring-board. I'll just walk out on it and show you how I did it when I was a boy."



BUT HE WEIGHED MORE THAN HE DID WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

IN A DAIRY.

"Excuse me," he said to the girl in the army blue dress with the lavender bows: "I would not for the world interrupt you or disturb your gracious equanimity; but I feel it incumbent upon me to remark that although your hair is undoubtedly of that rich warm golden hue with tender auburn shades in it that poets have loved to sing and painters have made a specialty of limning, yet that is not bringing me that cold oatmeal and milk and a glass of cream and two Graham rolls that I asked you for about half an hour ago."

"No," he said: "you are entirely mistaken. I do not mean to insult you. Homage to beauty is never an insult. It is one of the purest outpourings of the natural heart; and if I call your attention to the fact that you have a shell-like ear which even the purest diamond pendant from the mines of Golconda would but mar, it is only that I may the better incline that beautiful organ to listen to my plaintive moan for one cold oatmeal and milk, one glass of cream and two Graham rolls—"

"I was just thinking," he said: "that those eyes of yours, in their blue and crystalline depths, hold something of the mysterious secret of the sea, and that if I had time I would hire a seat for the day and a telescope and bask in their pure translucency until my soul melted away in a cerulean bliss. But at present I have leisure only to call your attention to the fact that the hot wheaten grits and strawberry-shortcake with which you have furnished me cannot readily be regarded in the light of one cold oatmeal and milk, a glass of cream and two Graham rolls."

"Do you know," he said: "that you have a mole on your chin which most effectively sets off the pure alabaster of your complexion, and may be called an ornament to the basement of your face? The famous Madame de Pompadour had a mole like that, only not so well situated. Its beauty was frequently remarked on in the court of Louis the Fourteenth. And

yet I will wager all I have of the red, red gold that if Madame de Pompadour had taken the contract to furnish me with my modest midday meal, she wouldn't have kept me waiting three quarters of an hour and then brought me a piece of pie and a cup of tea for one cold oatmeal and milk, a glass of cream and two Graham rolls."

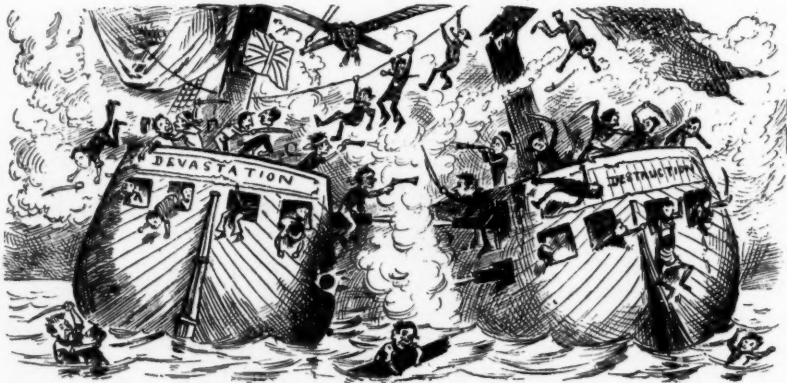
"Your voice is most wondrous sweet," he said: "it is not like most women's voices, which I hear—the limp, languid, lily voices which the Metropolitan Telephone Company posts at New, Spring, Pearl, and its other street-stations; but those ancient damosels are kinder to me than you, cruel beauty. And when I shout: 'Why on earth can't you connect 786 Law with 41,144 21st St.?' they answer blandly: 'We ain't got no such number.' Now, why can't you say—even be ungrammatical, to ease my suspense—say: 'We ain't got no cold oatmeal and milk, one glass of cream and two Graham rolls.'"

"'Tis true," he said: "that little hand of yours, with taper fingers rose-tipped like Aurora's, is a credit to the establishment, and is also well worth an emperor's ransom. There is something infinitely graceful about it, even when you use it to slap down a chilly, corpse-like slab of rice and a cup of coffee; and for the sake of that hand I will eat the rice and drink the coffee, and try to make believe that they are a cold oatmeal and a glass of cream and two Graham rolls."

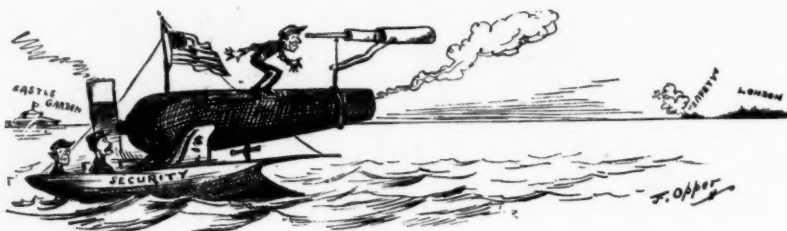
"No," he said to the cashier, as he paid his check on his way out of the dairy: "I admire beauty—no one admires beauty more than I do; but if you think that beautiful young ladies who are too proud to serve the casual customer are either an attraction to a dairy or a substitute for a square meal, you are mistaken. Beauty is a wonderful thing. It has led some of the world's greatest heroes in flowery fetters; but it isn't one cold oatmeal, a glass of cream and two Graham rolls. Good p. m.!"

And he lit out.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.



PAST.



FUTURE.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXX.

SUBURBS.



Ya-as, befaw I fly away fwom the heats of Summah and the oppwessive atmosphere of the city to seek the usual we-cweation and west in the countwy, I cannot wefwain fwom wemarking that there are an excessive numbah of dwawbacks to life in an Amerwican city. It is aw twue that I manage to dwag along an existence in spite of these things, but this does not altah the fact. Faw instance, some of the sweets and squares of the City of New York will compare tolerwably favorwably with those of London, Parw- is and a few othah places; but when one gets outside the city there is a vast and wemarkable differwence.

Ya-as, stwange as it may seem, there are no suburbs in Amerwica.

There are no places to go to or dwive to. No delightful gardens or pleasant countwy woads.

When you arwive at the apparwent bound- arwy of the town you find nothing but bwicks and mortah, waste land, pwimitive sweets, and everwthing in a mcst fwightfully unfinished and aw unattwactive condition.

Yet, in spite of these incontovertible facts, some Amerwicans will persist in stating that their cities, towns and wvillages are weally the finest in the world, and that they weadily "lick cweation"—that, I believe, is the peculi-ah mode of expwessing perfection in this countwy. Now, nothing can be maw absurd than this.

Some of them say:

"Aw we weally have places to go to—Coney Island, faw instance, and aw 'Judge Smith's.'"

I have nevah met the legal gentleman, but I have on severah occasions visited Coney Island.

This wesort is all verwy well in its way; but I don't see verwy clearly how it can be called a suburb.

The sea bweezes and the sand are sometimes agweeable, but a fellow cannot dwive out there easily; besides, a collection of twemendously elaborwate wooden sheds cannot be looked upon as a wegwlah place of desirwable wesort.

One occasionally wants to go where there are not always enormous cwouds of people, and a little west and wepose are to be obtained. I aw mean—and Mrs. Fitznoodle agwees with me—a wegion where there are ovahanging twees and wippling bwooks and wivahs and placid surwoundings generwally.

Ne-ah aw London there are a hundwed places I could wefer to where a fellow can obtain wational enjoyment in this way. Faw instance, Wichmond aw Hampton Court, and aw even Gwawesend; but there is nothing of the kind he-ah aw.

ANOTHER CONCEIT.

If dogs make meat
And meat makes hash,
And hash itself be meat;
Why meat is hash
And hash is meat,
And dogs must be
All three.

PUCK NE'ER RETURNS rejected articles;
But grinds them to a thousand particles.

BENEATH THE STARS.

It was evening; the stars twinkled merrily over the silent earth. Two lovers walked beneath the limbs of the old elms and chatted pleasantly of the future. Both were in a seventh or eighth heaven of joy. Shortly after an ice-cream saloon hove in sight. The old transparency over the door announced in awfully misshapen letters that ice-cream was for sale within at the vulgar rate of fifteen cents per plate.

"Will the little bird have some cream?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," she lisped back, with a smile as sweet as that of a little schoolboy shining through a vista of taffy.

And they strolled in and took seats at a table. But, alas! when they had devoured two plates apiece of the rosy destroyer, the young man discovered that his money was at home in his other vest. He did not know the proprietor; he had never seen him before. He had nothing in his pocket but a night-key and a couple of suspender buttons. The proprietor demanded sixty cents. The young man tried hard to blush. Rising suddenly he walked over to the proprietor, and while great drops of perspiration dropped off the end of his nose exclaimed:

"When I came in here I forgot that my money is all at home in my other vest."

"Just ante up sixty cents pretty quick, or I'll have you arrested."

"I haven't a cent," replied the young man, with a woebegone expression: "but here is a book; it is all I have, but take it."

The ice-cream man looked mad, but said:

"What book is it?"

"PUCK ON WHEELS for 1882."

The saloonist grabbed it with a smile, handed the young lover four dollars and seventy-five cents change, set up a round of soda-water, and hoped to see him again. Thus is virtue ever its own reward. PUCK ON WHEELS is now out, and for sale by all newsdealers. Price twenty-five cents.—*Adv.*

AMUSEMENTS.

Is "Esmeralda" still at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE? Oh, yes, it is—very much, indeed, and the auditorium is cooled with iced air.

Everybody who has heard "Patience," and nearly everybody has, should go again and laugh at Mr. John Howson's performance of *Oscar Wilde Bunthorne*, at the STANDARD.

"The Merry War" was produced on Monday last, at the GERMANIA THEATRE, with the excellent Thalia orchestra, and Dora Wiley, Golden, Carleton, the "Mascot's" old guard, and the Cornalba ballet.

Miss Mary Anderson goes to Europe next season for a character—*Mary Stuart*. This joke is furnished us by Mr. Ernest Harvier, a young man who has been long enough in Miss Anderson's service to know better.

Miss Ada Gray, at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, has been sticking to "East Lynne" and *Lady Isabel*, and has afforded satisfaction to numbers of persons who love to weep at the woes of the daughter of a Earl.

The entire comic opera system of this city seems to be in a state of "Merry War." We go to press too early to be able to make any remarks on the performance of the BIJOU "Patience" people—Miss Roche, Miss Russell and Mr. St. Maur—at NIBLO'S GARDEN, or to say how the bereft BIJOU is going to make up-town theatre-goers happy for the coming week.

The METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR, which, by the way, is pronounced *Alcazar*, is a combination of a refined variety show and concert, with opportunities of partaking, during the time, of all kinds of liquid and solid refreshments. The entertainment is unique, and, if the programme is frequently varied, must always be attractive and highly popular. Reményi, the Hungarian violin virtuoso, with a picked orchestra of fifty, showed what he knew about fiddling on Sunday night last.

To-morrow afternoon, at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Mr. Gerald Eyre, of Wallack's Theatre, will be the recipient of a testimonial benefit tendered to him by a number of wealthy and influential admirers. "The Happy Pair," the second act of "Patience," and "The First Night" comprise the programme. Mr. Eyre will be assisted by Professor Herrmann, Miss Rose Coghlan, Mr. Osmond Tearle, Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Augusta Roche, Selina Dolaro, Mr. Harry St. Maur and others.

Keep cool! Mr. Bartley Campbell, conscious of the dignity of an American dramatist, and fully appreciative of sultry weather, when he sees it, has written for the Kivalfy Brothers a play with the refreshing title of "Siberia." It is in seven strong acts, and makes matters extremely warm for the Russian Government, and highly cheerful for the Nihilist and Russian Jews. It is to be mounted at BOOTH'S THEATRE in September, on a scale of great splendor and magnificence by the Kivalfy's.

Meanwhile, however, the elephant "Bamboo" is on his way hither. He will spend the Fourth of July in Egypt—looking on as the guest of Arabi Bey.

At HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE Mr. Gus Williams, a popular New York favorite, is appearing in "One of the Finest," a piece designed to show how happy New York is in the possession of such a police force as our finest. The work is alternately comic and romantic. It is in a prologue and three acts, and presents just enough vice, virtue, villainy, songs, scenery and specialties for the price of admission charged—perhaps a little more. It has drawn crowded houses, and bids fair to run all Summer. Mr. Williams should not be confounded with the captain of the same name, for in this piece he is a very different kind of man. PUCK likes to see a policeman—when there is an orchestra and a row of footlights between him and the guardian of the peace.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Take her to the Alcazar.

GUS S.—You are a bold buccaneer in the punning line; but your performances in the way of word-slaughter are entirely cast into the shade by the eccentricity of your poetical method. We will print your poem, omitting the first, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and last stanzas; and that will show our readers, and yourself, perhaps, why we do not present, in an un mutilated form, your "Mythological Ido(y)."

"But when Atlas the dove reached her,
It didn't Pan out to suit her;
As Fate decreed, she seized the bird,
And heartlessly did shoot her."

ELEVEN YEARS.—You have drawn from our last page cartoon of last week a lesson which never occurred to our artist; but we print your offering for the sake of the great moral effect which we are sure it will have.

A BOY'S CONTRIBUTION TO PUCK.

Once two students were preparing for examination. One was a very studious boy. He went to libraries and got books, studied half of the night, so that in one week he finished a large book of philosophy. The next week he took another very large book, so that in a short time he had the brain fever.

The other boy took up a book and read about three pages, when one of his companions called:

"Hey, Jack! we are having a big ball-match and want you to be captain on our side."

Down went the book, and Jack jumped down the stairs, three steps at a time. He made a great many runs but no outs. By the time he had returned to his room he had forgotten all about examination. He played games, just as if no examination was coming at all. It is needless to say he did not have the brain fever.

LITERARY NOTES.

The most healthfully mendacious, alarmingly diabolical and readable volume we have dipped into for some time is Mr. Bill Nye's "Forty Liars and Other Lies," published by Messrs. Belford Clarke, of Chicago. All men may be liars; but all men cannot lie as well or as entertainingly as Mr. Bill Nye. If they could, Mr. Nye would not be, as he is certainly at present, the wildest of the funny men of the West. He describes this work of his in the preface as being as harmless as a homeopathic pill—and we are prepared to verify the statement.

"Three in Norway," by Two of Them, is a light, amusing and original book of travel. The account of the journey through the country is given in a sparkling, if not brilliant, manner, and there is plenty of fun withal. The volume has a map, eight full page illustrations and fifty wood-cuts. Those who read it will desire to take a trip through a country with which Americans are not very familiar, and go through similar exciting, but comparatively harmless, adventures of the authors. Messrs. Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, are the publishers.

There is no very remarkable article in the *North American Review* for July, although all the contributions have a greater or lesser interest. It is not many people who will exhaust themselves in reading what Mr. Edwin P. Whipple has to say on "Emerson as a Poet." "Hydraulic Pressure in Wall Street," which bears no signature, is a paper as sensible as it is true. Gail Hamilton, in "The Things Which Remain," defends the civil service from the bad odor it has been brought into by Guiteau's awful crime. Mr. Richard Grant White appears to be very well informed on "The Business of Office Seeking." Mr. Francis Marion Crawford rises to make a few remarks on "False Taste in Art." Of course there is the usual article of Désiré Charnay on the everlasting "Ruins of Central America."

THIS FAST HALF-MILE.

This fast half-mile. Behold the stand,
The wire, the course—who may command
A seat that's like the seat of Sin

Upon his soul—through thick and thin,
Relentless heel, remorseless hand,
An eye as dry as desert sand.

Now strip, weigh, mount, whip, spur—begin!
This fast half-mile.

Epsom and Oaks and Prize the Grand
For pace like this were never planned;
And the Wild Hunt its devilish din
Might hush for breath if entered in
This race where none may winner land,
This fast half-mile.

A. E. WATROUS.

THE FRONT-GATE SEASON.



LONG-SUFFERING FATHER:—"THERE, IF THAT FELLER DON'T PROPOSE TO MERRIER TO-NIGHT, HIS TIME'S UP ON THIS 'ERE GATE!"



The Wife of the Victim Experiences Hell on Earth.





Years of Sin Wiped out in Ten Minutes.

The "Unprepared" Victim Pushed Down to Purgatory.

THE MURDERER'S STRAIGHT ROUTE TO HEAVEN.—BRINGING RELIGION INTO DISREPUTE.

TRAVELING STONES.

A scientific journal thus describes traveling stones:

"Traveling stones are found in Australia and in Nevada. They are of an irony nature. When distributed on any level surface they immediately begin traveling toward a common centre and lie huddled up in a bunch. A single stone removed a distance of several feet, at once starts off with wonderful and somewhat comical rapidity to join its fellows. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be lodestone or magnetic iron ore."

When Mr. Jumbo Smith gave his architect full permission and discretion to build him a handsome four-story mansion on Fifth Avenue, he did not have much discussion as to the material of which it should be composed. On its completion he expressed great satisfaction with the work, and lost no time in filling his house with the choicest furniture and bric-à-brac.

Then he took his wife, family and mother-in-law there, and when they were all comfortably settled he went to Chicago on business.

On his return, six weeks afterward, he got out of the elevated train and walked toward his residence.

It had completely disappeared.

The two vacant lots were there, but there was no sign of building, of furniture, of wife, mother-in-law or bric-à-brac.

Of course he would not believe that he was in his right senses, and thought that he must have mistaken the locality.

But it was not so.

He went to an eminent chemist, who carefully analysed Mr. Jumbo Smith's flask of Chicago whiskey, but did not succeed in finding in it more than the regular quantity of fusil.

The house had been built of traveling stones; and when comfortably settled on its foundations it had quietly started on its travels to join its fellow-stones.

At the time we write, Mr. Smith had heard nothing of his house, furniture or family. He had carefully searched the State of Nevada without success, and is contemplating an exploring expedition to Australia. He naturally feels uneasy at the non-receipt of tidings of his truant property.

Another melancholy instance of the careless use of traveling stones was in the building of a church steeple. The East Slummockville Presbyterians, after a series of church-fairs, raised money enough to erect a stately spire on their rather unpretentious place of worship.

On the following Sunday, just as the preacher and the congregation had started off on a hymn, the steeple walked off down the main street, leaving a huge gap in the building.

The congregation gave chase; but the steeple put on speed, and was soon far out of sight.

About a week after, it was found quietly reposing perpendicularly on the roof of its nearest affinity, a Bowery lager beer saloon, the back wall of which was constructed of traveling stones. The business of the saloon fell off in a most shocking manner, owing to the public mistaking it for a church.

Another painful example of the peculiarities of traveling stones was the mysterious disappearance of an elaborately inscribed tombstone, which was set up over the grave of a pious millionaire deacon.

The stone was subsequently found over the remains of a triple murderer and gambler in the Potter's Field, and misled a number of worthy and religious persons.

We could fill a volume in describing and recounting the vagaries of these stones. The Washington Monument at Washington remains in an unfinished condition, owing to the stones

THE POWER BEFORE THE THRONE.



A USEFUL HINT TO OFFICE-SEEKERS.

that have been placed on it one day incontinently taking trips out West the next.

Travelers on high roads are constantly deceived and driven to the verge of lunacy by the erratic proclivities of certain mile-stones constructed of this provokingly heartless mineral.

Small boys have been known to drop pieces of the stones in old gentlemen's hats, whereupon the hats have started off to Florida and Texas, much to the disgust of their owners and the delight of the youthful practical jokers.

It is high time that Congress interfered to suppress this devastating and uncontrollable mineral.

B. B. VALLENTINE.

MOLLY CAREW.

Mollie Carew, with golden tresses,
Golden tresses and eyes of blue;
I am a man whom heaven blesses,
For I love you, Molly Carew.

Molly mine, hearken, oh hearken,
Fain I'd see your eyes of blue—
Molly mine!—soften and darken
Answering eyes that love but you.

On a moonlight night's excursion,
Fate first introduced us two.
I had sought a day's diversion,
So had little Molly Carew.

Oh, how we talked in corners shady,
As we through the water flew,
Oh, how we slipped from one old lady—
'Twas the aunt of Molly Carew.

Many days since first I met you,
Many days have gone, 'tis true.
But the day when I'll forget you
Has not dawned yet, Molly Carew.

Heard you what my beating heart meant?
Only list and hear it through:
Share with me a French apartment
On the fifth floor, Molly Carew!

Molly Carew, I am poor, I'm lonely,
All my heart I've given to you.
But I will pray for one thing only—
Say you love me, Molly Carew.

Molly mine, hearken, oh hearken,
Fain I'd see your eyes of blue—
Molly mine!—soften and darken
Answering eyes that love but you.

BIRDS AND BEASTS.

For a long time our greatly E. C., the *Sun*, has been regaling its readers with wonderful stories concerning birds, beasts, reptiles, etc. Stories of this character are still printed in this paper almost every Sunday, and there can be no doubt whatever regarding the avidity with which they are swallowed by its guileless readers. These items are not original with the *Sun*, however, but are carefully collected by a most discriminating, intelligent and enthusiastic pair of scissors.

PUCK has never had a regular department of this kind, but he can make one whenever he desires to. And he would not be obliged to clip his items, either. He would make them right in his own office. For instance, what is easier than to string together such a rosary of phenomena as the following?

Last week a man cut his initials on the quarter-deck of a tortoise and let it go. Three days after, while eating his breakfast, it crawled into the dining-room and grabbed him by the foot, and bit one of his toes nearly off. Two days later it got into his bed-room, hid in his bed, and when he was asleep almost chewed his heel off. The man jumped up and killed the tortoise, which, upon being opened, was found to contain a silver spoon marked George Washington, and a copper cent dated 1848.

A peculiar attachment was recently formed by a huge snake and a cat out West. Whenever the cat was pursued it would run into the snake and remain there until all danger was past. The other day a strange cat saw this performance, and followed suit. When they were both inside they got into a fight, and made such a noise and scratched so hard that the snake tried to disgorge them, but couldn't, because they held on too hard. Then he commenced to hurl boot-jacks into himself, and kept it up until he killed them both. You can always tell that a cat is dead by its silence. It was so with the snake, and it shed great tears at the loss of its friend; but instead of disgorging

THE AMERICAN EMIGRANT CAR.



A LIVING MONUMENT OF NEGLECT AND CUPIDITY.

it, allowed it to digest like a rabbit. Every afternoon at five o'clock the snake returns to the place of the disaster and cries for an hour, and beats the ground with its tail until it falls asleep.

A man in Vermont owns a pigeon that drinks beer. In the morning a glass of this popular beverage is placed on the ground, and the bird drinks every drop of it and then utters exclamations of joy. Not long ago it was tried on wine, which it wouldn't touch; but on the contrary, flapped its wings with great disgust and flew away. It was found a few days later in the woods, but refused to recognize any of its old feathered friends. It now sits moodily on the top of the pump, and changes its color from red to black, and plays with the house-dog, perching on his head, and cooing to him. When the dog is out walking, the pigeon perches on the end of his tail and is wagged to sleep. And it has entirely lost its appetite for beer, and drinks nothing but water.

A clergyman in Maine has a goat that will not eat tracts or religious papers. The experiment has been tried on several occasions, the goat being blindfolded beforehand. But at no time would it touch one of the religious sheets; while other journals it devoured like vegetables, with the exception of those portions which had been selected from the *Independent* and other periodicals of the same school.

There is a horse at Jackson, Miss., that puts on its own harness just as a man puts on his clothes. He also hitches himself up to the wagon. Instead of hoofs he has fingers, and has to wear boots when on the road. He is so skillful with his fingers that he plays three-card-monte like a professional.

A cockatoo out at Minneapolis recently swallowed a pair of cuff-buttons and became broken-hearted, and remained so for such a length of time that it was feared it would die. The other day it got out of its cage, went upstairs to its owner's bed-room, took hold of a

bureau drawer with its beak, and by great flapping managed to get the drawer open. Then it got out a pair of reversible cuffs and devoured them, after which it became so happy that it couldn't contain itself. Two weeks later it died, and having been a favorite for years, the family took it to the taxidermist's to be stuffed. On opening it, it was found to contain the cuffs intact, with the sleeve-buttons in the button-holes.

While a Baptist Sunday-school was in session out in Michigan several weeks ago, a snake crawled up through a knot-hole in the floor, stole a euchre deck out of the superintendent's coat-tail pockets and went back. It was the third time that the snake performed this trick, and some persons out of curiosity secreted themselves in the cellar to see what the snake would do. After coming down through the floor it took the last pack and shuffled it up with the others; then upended a barrel and commenced playing solitaire. On being killed and opened, it was found to contain a full set of faro tools, and a copy each of Hoyle and Schenck's Rules for Poker. It was afterward sewed up and is now used as a garden hose.

There is a cow owned by a man up in New Hampshire that always walks on her hind legs and uses crutches. Whenever she hears music she puts one crutch over her shoulder like a gun, and dances a jig which a Scotchman recently pronounced a perfect Highland fling, even to the minutest details. When eating off the ground, she stands on her fore legs and swallows up hill. She is on the most intimate terms with all the horse-flies on the place, and, strange as it may seem, they refuse to touch her.

A man in Dakota captured a nest of young hawks about two years ago, and brought them up around the house. They became so tame and gentle after awhile that he succeeded in teaching them many tricks. He now finds them very useful around the place as carriers. When a cow attempts to hook the house-dogs,

one of the hawks grabs the canine and flies up in a tree with him. Not long ago, while painting his house, one of the birds perched on a rung of the ladder and held the paint-pot in his beak for him all day, while another brought him his lunch. They are also sent to the store with written orders, and they fly home with basket-fuls of things in their bills. They are found invaluable on the farm. At a signal, they swoop down, grab a turnip or a carrot, pull it out of the ground, fly home and deposit it in the cellar. The other day they are said to have flown home with their owner, when the latter had drunk too much beer by mistake.

A druggist in Ohio recently caught a skunk while out hunting. He brought it home and fed it on caramels, which not only won the undying affection of the skunk, but caused it to experience such a change of heart that it drank four quarts of cologne one night, and is now used to scent the drug store.

Many other interesting items concerning animals might be written; but perhaps enough has been done to satisfy the reader, that it is not always necessary to fall back on the paste-pot and scissors, and that a paper like the *Sun* should have a prevaricator of its own. Selah!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE guests at Mr. Marrowfat's table were discussing the subject of Longfellow's translation of the beautiful German song, "Into the Silent Land," when little Miltiades, who had apparently been paying no attention, looked up and said:

"Dad, do you think mother will ever go there?"

Somehow or other the question put an end to the conversation.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

It is said the Egyptians object to being photographed. If they have had any experience in that line, the objection is not surprising.—*Lowell Citizen*.

BABY'S WARNING.

When baby has pains at dead of night,
Mother in a fright, father in a plight;
When worms do bite, baby may cry,
If fever sets in, baby may die.
If croupy pains kill Leonora,
In that house there's no CASTORIA,
For mothers learn without delay,
CASTORIA cures by night and day.

Persons apparently in good health, often suffer terribly from Skin Diseases. Swayne's Ointment will cure them.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

"Hardly ever" has there appeared an "Ad." in any paper better calculated to win the confidence of the public, than that of Dr. Scott's Electric Flesh Brush in this issue. No one can run much risk in sending for one of them, as the Doctor promises to refund the money if not satisfactory. He is not only trustworthy, but responsible.

AN OPEN LETTER.

PORTLAND, Maine, June 15th, 1882.
Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann—Gentlemen:

For the past twenty years I have been a great sufferer from acute organic hypochondria, and have tried almost everything for relief in vain. Having spent thousands of dollars without gaining relief, I took the advice of a friend and purchased a copy of your PUCK ON WHEELS for 1882. If I told you how soon I was thoroughly cured you would not believe me. I'll simply state that that night I was arrested for being hilarious on the highway. Please find inclosed my check for \$1,000, for which send me a copy each of every PUCK ON WHEELS you have published. I wish to have them bound in a handsome volume.

LUKE SKIDMORE.

READ'S GRAND DUCHESS COLOGNE.
MADE OF OTTO OF ROSES AND FRENCH FLOWERS.
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.
WM. H. READ, Baltimore & Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

**DIRECTIONS
FOR TAKING**
BROWN'S
Essence of
JAMAICA GINGER.

REMEMBER,
FRED'K BROWN'S.

The primary effects of this valuable preparation are experienced in its gentle stimulative influence in the stomach, and from thence diffusing itself through the whole system.

It is excellent in all NERVOUS and HYPOCHONDRIACAL AFFECTIONS, some of the most evident of which are an oppression or sense of weight, and flatulency, succeeded by nervous headache, giddiness, etc. These it removes by acting on the stomach as a gentle stimulus, diffusing a mild and cordial warmth, gradually exhilarating the nerves, and giving tone to the digestive organs.

It is also useful in CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, etc., as an external application to the parts affected.

In FLATULENCY, or WANT OF TONE IN THE STOMACH, half a teaspoon-full may be taken twice or three times a day, before meals, in sugar and water, and when the stomach feels oppressed after eating, or distended by flatulency, about 20 or 30 drops of the essence in a wine-glass of water or wine, invigorates and assists digestion. It is excellent in SEA-SICKNESS, in restoring the tone of the stomach.

Price, 50 Cts. per Bottle.

Prepared and Sold at FREDERICK BROWN'S DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE, N. E. corner of Chestnut and Fifth Streets, Philadelphia.

Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Dealers Everywhere.

"Nine Letter Puzzle," by mail 12 cents. Address "PUZZLE," 446 Broome Street.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

HER LETTER.

Oh, the envelope is square;
On its fold
Is her monogram *bizarre*,
Stamped in gold.
From across the wide Atlantic
Come these hieroglyphs gigantic;
This brings something real romantic,
So I'm told.
She is sweeter than the pink,
Full in bloom,
That she puts into her ink
To perfume
Each gay curve and line gymnastic,
Though she sometimes seems sarcastic;
Just to please her taste fantastic,
I presume.
She's a tender Tuscan now,
Getting tanned,
With the sunshine on her brow:
But her hand—
See, it takes the pen a minute!
Folds the note (a kiss within it!).
Oh, that I might hope to win it
On demand.

—Acta, in Yale News.

"You can't make that dog eat those fancy crackers," said one driver to another the other evening in a restaurant.

"I can't, eh?"

"No you can't, because dogs won't eat crackers."

Thereupon the other handed the dog the fancy crackers, one by one, and they were duly eaten, with the exception of two.

"He won't eat them," said the first speaker.

"Why won't he?" inquired the second.

"Why, because they are made to represent lambs."

"And why won't the dog eat lamb?"

"Because he is suspicious."

"And why is he suspicious?"

"Because he thinks the lamb is goat."

"And why does he think the lamb is goat?"

"Why, because he was born and raised in a restaurant."—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

THE numerous suits for breach of promise recently instituted against old men by young women is having its effect. "Miss," said an old man in a crowded street car yesterday: "Miss, I'll get up and give you my seat if you'll swear before all these witnesses that you don't consider it an offer of marriage."—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald.*

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bed-bugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c. per box.

Ladies can improve the appearance of their feet by using German Corn Remover. 25 cts. Sold by druggists.

Do not go to the country without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS to flavor your Soda and Lemonade and keep your digestive or ails in order. Be sure it is the genuine Angostura, of world-wide fame, and manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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Solid Silver & Plated Ware,
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Nickel Stem Winders, \$5. Solid Silver American Watches, \$10.—Stein Winders, \$14. Solid Gold Stem Winders, \$35. Diamond Studs, \$10 and upwards. Wedding Rings, \$5 and upwards. The largest assortment of Jewelry at lowest prices. Repairing of every description neatly executed. Goods sent C. O. D. to any part of the U. S. New Illustrated Price List.



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READY-MADE CLOTHING
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For young military companies it is the most interesting Gun for Drilling purposes, for there is no bow or rigging to bother and catch, as all parts can be easily arranged in line with the barrel which leaves it free to handle without any obstruction to the precise movements necessary in quick and accurate Drilling. It is always ready for use. The darts are furnished, thus preventing splitting. Bullets or wooden balls can also be used for ammunition. The Gun Stock is handsome, y painted and finished, and every Gun is varnished and comes neatly packed in a heavy paper cover. Price list: One Creedmoor Gun complete with five arrows, two targets, six rubber bands, three leathers, each \$1. Postage extra, 25 cents.

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IN THE USE OF
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We offer a 11' 3 joint Fly Rod, 15-yard Brass Reel, 100-ft. Linen Line, 3 Flies, 3 Hooks to gut, and Leader, complete, by express, for \$5.00; by mail, postpaid, \$5.50. Sample flies by mail, postpaid, 10c. each; per dozen, \$1.00. 1 three-piece Trout Rod, 1 Float, 1 Brass Reel, 100 ft. Linen Line, 1/2 dozen Hooks, 1 Sinkers, 1 Gut Leader, all for \$2.75.

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9 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

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with Patent Corded Edge Cushions, warranted superior
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THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book.
(new) Sent Free.
E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

A ONE-LEGGED tramp appealed to a Congress-
man at a Washington street corner for alms.

"Were you in the war?" asked the eminent
statesman, arrested by the pitiable look of sup-
plication in the man's face.

"I lost a leg at Cedar Mountain."

"It's very strange," muttered the represent-
ative; "only last Winter we passed a bill provid-
ing for cases like yours."

"Very true," returned the medicant, with a
sigh; "but I trusted my case to a pension
agent."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

ENORMOUS fans, we read, will be carried this
season. We shall try to head off the fashion by
starting the report that the biggest fans will be
carried by the women with the biggest mouths.
—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

ONE of the churches in Lowell has appointed
its annual picnic to take place on the day that
Barnum and Jumbo exhibit in town. Evidently
they don't wish anybody to attend the picnic.
—*Boston Post.*

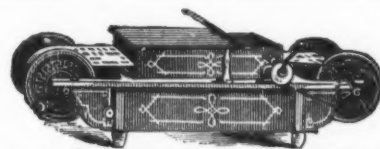
AN Iowa judge refused a woman a divorce
because her husband kissed the pretty servant.
He said he didn't propose to have every woman
in the state get a divorce.—*Boston Post.*

BRADFORD, I. A., May 8, 1875.
It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervous sickness
at the stomach, monthly troubles, &c. I have not seen a sick day
in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. Several of my neighbors use
them. MRS. FANNIE GR. EN.

Peeps Through a Keyhole. The funniest set of Colored Cards
ever printed. Send 4 three-cent
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ASTONISHING CURES!

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WIRES.

REDUCED SIZE.



Washington, D. C., May 10, '82
I feel it my duty to make the
following statement. My sister
had been a great sufferer from
Chronic Rheumatism for MANY
YEARS and could find no relief
from medicines or applica-
tions. She has been using your
Electric Flesh Brush for a short
time, and is RELIEVED FROM
ALL PAIN, and is perfectly
cured. She is willing you
should give this publicity, and
expresses gratitude.
Mrs. Eliza Lane Parker.

Stop dosing
a while and
try this
really excel-
lent cure.

This remarkable Brush, which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially endorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written up by the Honorable W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily. The back of the Brush is made of a new material resembling ebony, beautifully carved and elegantly mounted. It is a combination of substances producing a permanent Electro-Magnetic Current. Always doing good, it cannot harm, while its application gives a most agreeable sensation, there being no stacc or unpleasant feeling whatever. Its power can always be tested by the silver compass which accompanies each Brush.

IT CURES

Rheumatism and Diseases of the Blood—Nervous Complaints—Neuralgia—Toothache—Malarial Lameness—Palpitation—Paralysis and Pains caused by Impaired Circulation. It promptly alleviates Indigestion—Constipation—Kidney and Liver Troubles—quickly removes those "Back Aches" peculiar to Ladies, and imparts wonderful vigor to the whole body.

It keeps the skin healthy, beautifies the complexion, and acts immediately on the blood, nerves, and tissues. People of sensitive habits and impaired nervous power, will find it a valuable companion.

Proprietors: The Pall Mall Electric Association of London.
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TESTIMONIALS.

They give splendid satisfaction, and many have come back and bought the second, third, and fourth one. I have heard many customers praise them highly, and from my own personal knowledge I know of most remarkable cures attending their use. I cordially recommend them to the public. HERMON W. ATWOOD.

Dear Sir:—I have tested Dr. Scott's Electric Flesh Brush upon myself. I have derived great benefit from it. 33 Spring St., Rochester, N. Y. May 20, 1882.
C. T. BLISS, M.D.

I prescribe it for my patients, with the happiest results. Its cures are unquestionable.
Dr. JOHN GAVETT GIBSON, F.R.C.S.
Better than all liniments and oils, we cannot too highly recommend it to the afflicted.
"Surgical Gazette."

For some time past I have suffered with Rheumatism in my knee, I tried your Brush, and the result astonished me; in less than three minutes the pain disappeared, and I have not had it since. Wishing to convince myself still further, I took it to my place of business and cured two workmen of Neuralgia and a third of Toothache. I am now satisfied with the virtue of your Brush, and do not hesitate to speak a good word for it to suffering humanity.
Yours respectfully,
JESSE M. HARR.

Space forbids our publishing innumerable letters of praise and gratitude from those using our Brush. On application, we will send pamphlet of testimonials to any address.

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As soon as you receive the Brush, if it does not satisfy you with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer? **MENTION THIS PAPER.**

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Inclose 10 cents extra and we guarantee safe delivery into your hands; or will send it by express, C. O. D., at your expense, with privilege of examination, but expressage adds considerably to your cost. Or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, and be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the box. Remittances should be made payable to G. F. O. A. & C. 477, 842 Broadway, New York. They can be made in Checks, Drafts, Post-Office Orders, Currency, or Stamps. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE. Agents Wanted in Every Town.
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P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

CONVERSATION reported by a witness in an Illinois divorce suit, showing how the plaintiff lost his case:

"Good Othello," said Iago: "I am sure she is not true to thee."

"Hast thou ocular proof? Then give it me."

"'Twas just one week ago, last wash-day. Leaning o'er the rampart of my castle wall and gazing into thy back yard, I saw—"

"Saw what?" eagerly demanded the plaintiff.

"Saw Cassio's stockings hanging on Desdemona's clothesline."

"Hose—anna!" exclaimed Othe'lo, joyfully; and for that remark the court non-suited him.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"An Iowa man was fined forty dollars for squeezing a woman's thumb." We didn't suppose there was so much ignorance abroad in Iowa. A man who mistakes a woman's thumb for her waist should be fined not less than four hundred dollars.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE King of Siam, who has just built a new palace for \$1,000,000, is furnishing it with 400 tons of furniture, at a cost of \$500,000. He has a great many wives, and wants something substantial to throw at them, and plenty of it.—*Lowell Citizen.*

BECAUSE a fashionable congregation of this city has voted to give the minister a vacation during dog-days, some mean people are remarking that it was a very cruel way of insulting him.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

It is said that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. But, by Judas! all the prophets we have known, whether in their own countries or elsewhere, were without a spark of honor.—*Boston Post.*

THE Japanese Government is "adopting the medicines of civilization." It is thought the Japanese Undertakers' Association is at the bottom of it.—*Norristown Herald.*

Few complexions can bear the strong white morning light which exposes every speck of tan, every pimple and the slightest spotting of eczema. In Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is sure relief from the annoyance of these blemishes on the cheek of beauty.

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gives a quick, soft, lasting lather. Sent by mail on receipt of
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FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. 26 Liberty St., N. Y.

"HAWKEYE" DOTS.

"WHY did Job wish that his enemy had writ-
ten a book?" Because the revengeful old foil
master knew that the proof reader would drive
him mad.

FORTY-TWO circuses in America have used up
all the adjectives and murdered all the grammar
in the world. But they have left the truth un-
impaired and untouched.

It is said that the paper can be compressed
into a substance so hard that only diamonds
can scratch it. That will be the boss paper on
which to print election tickets.

SCIENTIFIC and systematic efforts are being
made to grow the Peruvian bark in this country.
"The Peruvian bark," says an eminent soldier
of Chili: "is a great deal worse than his bite."
Every man who has ever tasted it will agree with
him.

Look here, young man; and you too, young
woman; Whittier, Thoreau, Longfellow, Em-
erson, Sumner, Hawthorne—are not these men
certain of a fame that few men ever hope to
attain? Well, not one of them ever rushed
out and played "Hamlet." Remember that.

An unbelieving newspaper reader wants to
know if we can tell him "if it is really true that,
during a recent cyclone, a hen was blown into
the air while on her nest and hooked out half-
a-dozen chickens before she descended safely?"
It certainly is true; we know the man who
started the story, and he did it to get ahead
of a snake story that appeared in the columns
of a rival paper.

—Robert J. Burdette.

MARY CLEMMER says that "only one girl in
500 can be happy as a clergyman's wife." Well,
yes; a minister's wife must have a rough time.
Her husband picks up the Bible so often that
she can't keep her cooking receipts and sewing
silk in it.—Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald.

Let the poor sufferers take courage and rejoice
that a painless remedy has been found. We refer
to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It
is prepared at 283 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass.
Send to Mrs. Pinkham for pamphlets.

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The steamer SYLVAN GROVE leaves the pier foot of 23d St.,
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TRAINS LEAVE MANHATTAN BEACH at 7:35, 10, 11:05
A. M.; 12:05, 12:30, 1:05, 1:30 P. M., and every fifteen and thirty
minutes past the hour to 9:30 P. M., and at 10, 10:35 P. M.

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The steamers D. R. MARTIN and SAM SLOAN leave foot of
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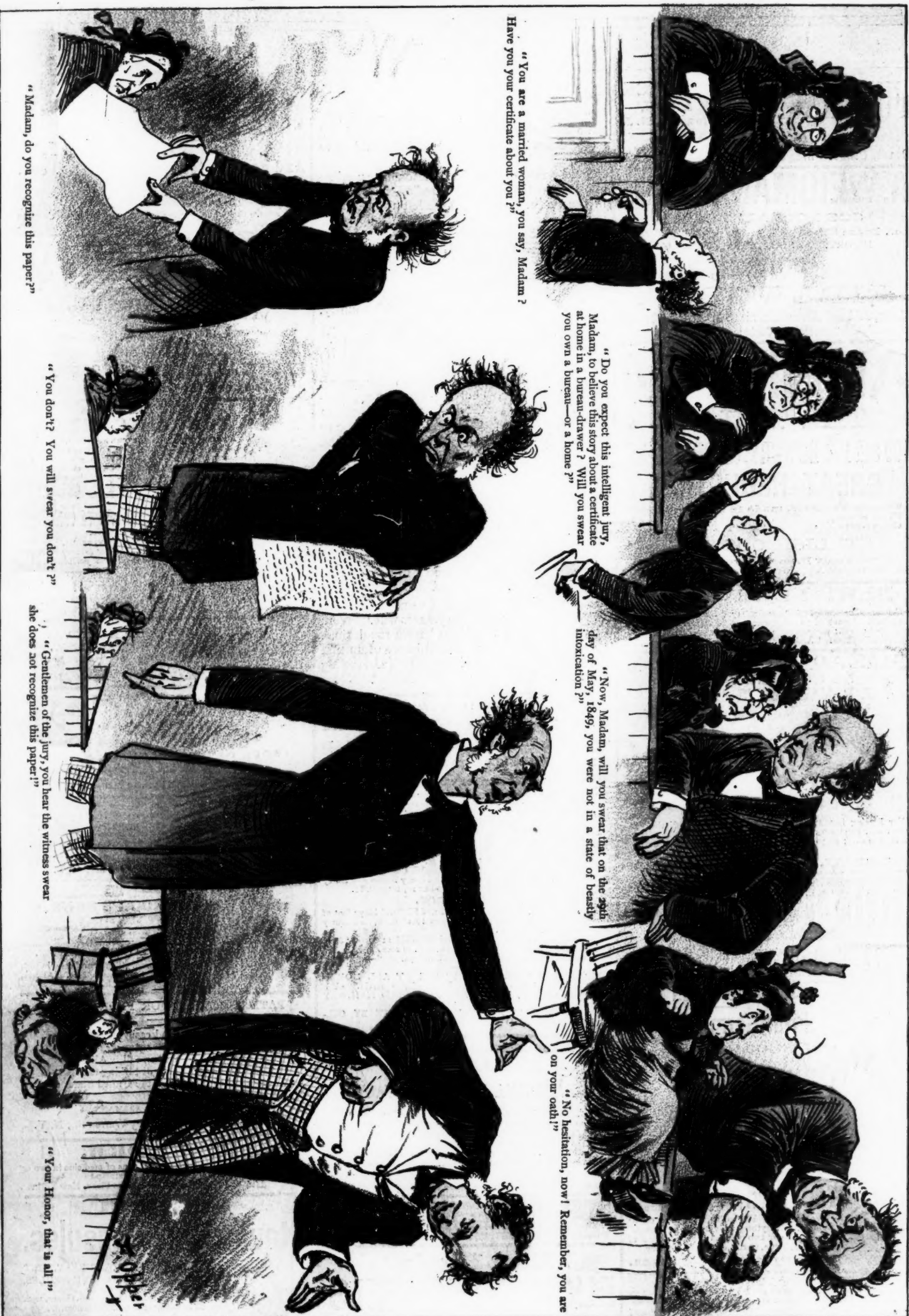
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